THE

ORDEAL.

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" Yet not unconscious of this awful age,
I mark what new conflicting systems rage,
Systems which laugh to scorn th' avenging rod,
And hurl defiance to the throne of God;
Shake pestilence abroad with madd'ning sweep,
And grant no pause, but everlasting sleep."

MANNERS AND CHARACTERS OF THE AGE.

THAT the people of the United States, or at least a considerable portion of them, have a tendency constantly to complain of every thing like the coercion of salutary laws, every thing which appears like regular government, will not be denied by any extensive and acute observer of the state of society in the country. It is a kind of democratick impulse which requires restraint; an embryo licentiousness of political feeling, which may germinate into civil riot and confusion. The following observations from an European work will serve to place the cause of such a disposition among a people upon a right basis.

' I am very ready to admit, that our improvements in civilization and literature have, in many respects, produced an advantageous effect upon our manners. We are certainly entitled to say from experience, ' *ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes, emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.*' But if we take a comprehensive view of the subject, and poise the scales with impartiality, I believe that we shall find no cause to felicitate ourselves upon a comparison of the present with the former times. I fear, that upon such a comparison, the age in which we live will appear to be distinguished by a great and alarming increase of infidelity, and by a growing profligacy of manners, particularly evidenced by the most frequent, flagrant, and aggravated violations of the nuptial tie. Nay, when we observe the loose and indecent attire, in which our half-dressed females present themselves, without a blush, to the publick eye, it is impossible not to conclude that

shame, the last barrier of virtue, is taking its leave even of that part of the fair sex, who would scorn any imputation on their character. But, in another point of view, the present times exhibit a still more unfavourable and alarming aspect.

'I am not conscious of a cynical disposition; but I must confess, that according to my observations, the character of the age is a mental indifference and apathy—and insensibility of disposition—a selfishness of so narrow and contracted a kind, as to defeat its own purposes—an absence of shame—a contempt for opinion—a disregard to appearances, to events, and to consequences. It seems to me that the human mind is becoming callous, and approaching to a state of torpor. This dreadful change may in a great degree be attributed to a long series of prosperity—to habits of ease and indulgence, as well as of luxury and dissipation—to the facility with which not only the necessaries, but the comforts of life may be obtained. The vigour both of mind and body depends upon exertion; and both become debilitated in proportion as their powers are suffered to lie dormant. The great improvements which mankind have made in commerce, agriculture, and arts, enable them to acquire the means of subsistence at a much less expence of labour, than heretofore was necessary for the same purpose; and every class of society is in the possession of enjoyments, which were formerly confined to those of a superiour station. Hence it is, that those habits of industry, economy, and self-denial, which are calculated to infuse vigour into the mind are considerably weakened, and the langour and love of ease, which have succeeded to activity and diligence, have produced habits of life, which are calculated by a kind of reaction, to increase the cause from which they proceed. Among those habits, may be reckoned that new arrangement of time, which excludes the invigorating influence of early rising and early rest, and which obliges us, that we may be able to drag through our business, to delay our meals until the stomach has almost lost its powers of converting them into the means of nourishment and strength. The consequence of all this appears to be but a change of vices—a change, in my opinion, much for the worse—a change analagous to that which takes place in the human body, when, instead of the raging fever, which indicates a vigorous constitution, the deadening palsy exhibits a melancholy proof of the decay of the animal power.

'To this alteration in the character of the age, may be ascribed the alarming progress, and indeed the existence of Jacobinism, which, as naturally proceeds from such a cause, as contagion from putrefaction. What else could have engendered such characters as the modern Philosopher and the cold hearted Jacobin, who, without a feeling of repugnance, or an emotion of pity, can continue and accomplish the destruction of the whole human race? What else could have produced a system of such boundless mischief, as that which has for its object the overthrow of all the political and religious establishments of the earth—of the social order of the whole world. The obvious want of spirit and energy to defend those establishments could alone have afforded occasion to so flagitious a project Such a design would, probably, never have been conceived, if the human mind had been in its full vigour. But certainly it would never, in that case, have been attended with such success as we have now occasion to deplore.

'But, perhaps, it may be asked, do not the conception of so daring a project, and the energy with which it has been pursued, abundantly refute my hypothesis of the mental apathy of the age? I answer, that these circumstances only prove the proneness of human nature to what is evil. The soil, from which labour alone can derive a rich harvest of nutritious grain, will spontaneously produce, in great abundance, the rank and noxious weed. And at all times the smooth and flowery descents of vice have presented an easy and tempting passage to those who have wanted resolution and vigour to ascend the craggy steeps of virtue. But the infernal system of jacobinism is so contrived as to call into action every corrupt and criminal propensity, and even every foible and weakness of human nature. It not only holds out a gratification to every species of vice, publick and private, but it can assume the semblance of virtue, in order to cajole those who are conscious of no other wish than to promote the happiness of their fellow creatures; but who, for want of sound and sober judgment, and by their credit for good characters and good intentions, are easily rendered the greatest foes to that happiness. It can enlist in its service the mad speculatist and the fanatical reformer, as well as the most dissolute of mankind. It can address itself to every description of persons. It flatters the young with an early independence—the

vain with consequence—the ambitious with power—the restless and discontented with a change—the vicious with an indulgence of their passions—the inferiour orders of society with an equalization of rank and property, and every one with a removal of those restraints which he finds most irksome and grievous. No wonder then that this insidious and active principle, combining into one action, and directing to one end, the endeavours of all, who, from whatever motive, are dissatisfied with the subsisting order of things, and favoured by a relaxation of every religious and moral principle, by a licentiousness of manners, and by a listlessness and lukewarmness on the part of its opponents—no wonder then, I say, that this principle of jacobinism should have made so alarming a progress toward the overthrow of every social institution. On the contrary if the well disposed part of mankind do not instantly rouse themselves to a sense of their danger—if they do not open their eyes on the gulf which is before them, and (laying aside that pernicious moderation, candour and liberality, which have fostered the mischief into its present magnitude), if they do not call forth all their powers to avert the impending ruin—the only wonder will be, if in a very short space of time, they do not see the whole earth become one vast theatre of anarchy, carnage and desolation—one universal exhibition of those tragical scenes, of which the French revolution has been but the rehearsal, and which will terminate in the subjection of the miserable and spirit-broken survivors of the human race, to the merciless domination of the vilest of the species.—Indeed, when I think of the astonishing unconcern with which mankind contemplate the tremendous example of France, and of every country where either French arms or the French, principles have gained an ascendancy, I cannot help giving way to an apprehension that such infatuation is the result of supernatural influence, and that it has been decreed by Providence, for the benefit of posterity, to make the example more complete, and to warn future ages, at the expence of the present race of men, against the adoption of those principles, which, under the imposing names of Philosophy, Philanthropy and Freedom, attack the very foundations of society, by inspiring a contempt for all authority, human and divine. Heaven grant that this melancholy apprehension may be unfounded! At all events, it is our duty to exert our utmost endeavours to counteract the growing mis-

chief; and for my part, I am determined in case of the worst, not to have my portion of the general woe aggravated by the reproaches of my own conscience, but to secure to myself the consolatory reflection of having omitted nothing, within the scope of my humble powers, to avert so shocking a catastrophe.'

MILITARY DISCIPLINE.

THE determined perseverance of the American nation in the old system of military tacticks, which was practiced upon during the revolutionary war, would have a greater tendency to subvert the liberties of this country, on the supposition of an invasion by a foreign force, than perhaps any other defect in our system which can be imagined. Even our volunteers, at the best, are no better than men of lath; they are undoubtedly dressed in very smart uniforms, and perhaps their manœuvres are performed with considerable accuracy and adroitness. But they are not only radically defective in all the general principles of the system of modern tacticks, which has been introduced since the French revolution, but they seem essentially to depend upon mere excellence in show and outward forms, without possessing any quality which renders a soldier powerful in the field.

'It is easy for a person to fancy himself a soldier, by scrupulously attending, during peace, to those *minutiæ* which are really insignificant in war; and it has been generally observed, that officers who make the most distinguished figure in time of peace, do not, in actual service, answer the expectations which they have raised. 'An officer of this class, who having served twenty or thirty years, has great difficulty in changing his pacifick habits: he hates war: and where there is a want of taste for an undertaking, it must be badly executed.' Nothing can appear more astonishing to those who have not reflected upon it, than the extreme zeal which many officers of that description show for the subordinate *minutiæ* of parade. It is however the case with this, as with most other frivolous pursuits, that where they occupy the mind, they engross it more exclusively than those objects which require a higher exertion of the understanding. A collector of butterflies or tulips shows more zeal in his favourite studies, than a mathematician; and a mountebank

quack-doctor annexes higher importance to his infallible prescriptions than a regular physician. Officers who have been long accustomed to actual service, are fully aware of the relative importance of the subordinate parts of discipline; but it is not easy to describe the absurd importance which parade officers, who have never heard a gun fired upon service, ascribe to the smallest *minutiæ* of dress. It appears to them of greater consequence to have their troops smart upon parade, than active in their manœuvres; and they seem to think that nothing renders a soldier so fit to meet an enemy, as fixing his cap upon one corner of his head, and exposing as much of it as they possibly can, bedaubed with soap and flour, to the wet and cold of a northern climate. No doubt, those officers must be very unfit to meet an enemy, who will not stay to examine whether the accoutrements of their men are well lackered, or their *queues* tied with singular regularity and precision. The height to which this attention to dress is raised in some individuals, exceeds all bounds of belief. We have heard an anecdote of a general officer (in what service we forbear to mention) who went with some of his friends to see the Consular troops reviewed at Paris. After inspecting the lines very narrowly, he was observed to return to his countrymen with a look of great satisfaction and importance. One of them who was anxious to know the result of his observations, was at length informed, 'that he could assure him as a military man, that after looking at the whole line, he had not been able to find two neckcloths together, tied in the same manner.'* This was a very moderate instance of the disposition above alluded to: many more striking ones are well known.'

* A certain degree of attention to the clothing and equipment of troops is necessary; and even an excess of it may appear a very harmless foible.—It would certainly be so, if it did not convert what ought to be a secondary object, into a principal one. When it is proposed to form the soldier for the different kinds of service which may be required, and to accustom him to such exercises as will inure him to fatigue, it is said that he is already sufficiently employed. This objection has long ago been answered by Guibert. 'Si l'on me dit,' says that enlightened author, 'que nos exerceses actuels les occupent déjà assez, je réqondrei que c'est parce que nos manœuvres sont trop compliquées, nos méthodes d'instruction mal entendues, notre prétention de précision et de perfection sur beaucoup de points, minutieuse et ridicule. Je répondrai que la preuve que nos soldats ne sont pas assez occupés, c'est que pour remplir, dit-on, leur temps, on les surcharge de régles de discipline, inquiétantes et odieuses. C'est qu'on a créé une tenue qui leur fait passer trois heures par jour à leur toilette, qui en fait des perruquiers, des polisseurs, des vernisseurs, tout en un mot, hormis des gens de gurre.'—*Essai General de Tactique.*

SILVA—No. 52.

Anticipated from the Monthly Anthology for June 1809.

« If I indulge myself in a smile at such trifling follies, must I of necessity be an envious and malicious tempered man ?"

A WITTY ANSWER TO A CIVIL INVITATION.

Mr. ****, a celebrated gamester, was suddenly removed from the billiard table to the county gaol. On his arrival there he found in his pocket an invitation to sup the next evening at Julien's, with a whist party, which he would gladly have accepted ; he however requested the officer who attended him to present his compliments to his friends and tell them that as he had received another invitation, *in the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts*, it was out of his power to accept theirs.

MISS ANN THOLOGY.

This celebrated literary female, who was born under the rigorous climate of the metropolis of New-England, in 1804, was deserted by her only parent at the tender age of three months. She was taken up and sent to explore the hidden sources of publick munificence, by three friends, who for several years fed and clothed her gratis. These were Law, Physick and Divinity.

EPITAPH,

On an old lady, of whom, with her husband and son, it was said, that ' they lived in a vinegar bottle all the days of their lives.'

Here lies Goody Purslain who liv'd in a pen,
And brew'd good beer for gentlemen :
The beer turn'd so sour that man could not drink it :
Goody Purslain she died, alas ! who would think it ?

APOLOGUE.

The Cabbage said to the Potatoe : Look how much handsomer I am than you, how I draw together and consolidate my rich curling leaves and almost vie in size and solidity with the terrestrial globe ; you are not fit to share the same garden with those feeble stalks that support only a few useless balls. True said the potatoe, my stalks are not so sturdy as yours, nor my leaves so rough and large ; but I am not the less beloved by the farmers : they call me by many names, and all expressive of my utility ; sometimes Spanish White, and Irish beef, and Carolina, and Rusty-coat, and Blue-nose. I am planted early in May, and in one small hillock, do not cease to propagate and multiply till I am dug

up and housed in November. I see almost all our fellows gathered in before me; and when I reflect how much I am beloved, and how much longer I live without the attention of man, than the Turnip, the Beet, and the Onion, I do not envy them the pains bestowed upon their cultivation.

The Cabbage was about to reply, but Betty, with a huge knife, at one stroke, cropped its leaves to boil, and left the headless trunk standing erect, and 'bleaching with the northern blast.'

Said the Kidney-Bean to the Pumpion-vine: Your orange coloured fruit is large and splendid; but you do not tower above the ground; rise like me, to the top of this pole, and your riches and magnificence will be seen. My fruits, said the other, may be less aspiring than yours, but the bosom of the earth is proud to support them.

A WISE MAGISTRATE.

A justice of the peace in Hampshire county, on hearing some years ago that Bonaparte intended to invade England, expressed considerable apprehension for the fate of himself and family, and requested to be told in what part of Massachusetts Old England was situated. 'Why, father, Old England is on the eastern continent, at an immense distance from Massachusetts.' 'Well, all the eastern country, the District and of Maine, is in Massachusetts.' 'Why, sir, only look at the map; I will shew you that it is not.' The map was produced, and the son pointed out Massachusetts and then shewed him the British Isles. The justice placing his thumb on Massachusetts, and stretching his fore finger to Great-Britain, exclaimed, 'Well, well, I see that it is not in Massachusetts, but they are so close together, that Bonaparte's cannon balls can easily reach us.'

MAD MEN.

It was told to a celebrated literary club in the wise city of Gotham, that a certain man had slandered their censorship's work. It was a man whom they had never known, nor had any connection with. 'Let him alone said they, 'he must be a mad man; no one in his senses would speak ill of a *book* that had done him no injury."

Query. How many mad men would those wits have found among the readers of the Monthly Anthology?

The two following articles are not for black-letter dogs, nor prowlers after Greek and Latin. The Silva has thickets and brakes enough for them to wander and scrabble in. They are designed exclusively to affect that part of creation that has so often affected me.

During the time that Thomas Jefferson governed the United States, a young lady of New-Hampshire, whose lover resided in Boston, was

much surprized at receiving no letters from him, though she had often written to him. At length one of her neighbours being destined for Boston with a load of marketing, she requested him to call on the young Adonis, and enquire the reason of his silence. The youth was much surprised, said he had written regularly once a week; he went, in consequence, with the market man to the post-office, to know why they had not been forwarded. The post master knew nothing about it, but said he always sent forward all letters. He told them, however, he had a number of letters, which he had not been able to forward, because he could not discover the direction. Taking them into another room, he showed the packets which proved to be the young lover's, and which for greater security, were directed as well as written in *hieroglyphicks*.

'Cross patch, draw the latch,
Sit by the fire and spin,
Take the cup and drink it up,
Then call your neighbours in.'

Though I do not recollect, and it is perhaps of little moment to know on what particular person the poet bestows such severe sarcasm, I am ready to confess, that the elegance of his satire does not force upon my mind the conclusion which he intended to extort from every reader.—Far from thinking the gibe true, because elegant, I deduce a directly opposite inference; and because it is finished to such brilliant elegance, I am obliged to consider it as extravagant, and therefore false. It is a downright absurdity to say of any woman that she 'takes a cup,' or even to say simply that she is a 'cross patch.' We know, and from their own lips too, that the solitary hours of females are spent either in the most harmless, good natured apathy, or the most exalted devotion. When they are not 'singing to themselves and thinking of nothing,' they are rapt in the most enchanting visions of saints and angels. Nor are the industrious hours of any woman I ever knew so mighty gloomy, for what in the world can charm together such a squad of blue, green, pink, coplico, orange, and white, in short omnicoloured celestials, as the sight of an old maid, or a young one either, when she 'sits by the fire and spins.' And if others are so possessed with the sight, must not the holy light which plays round the spinning wheel of her who is thus employed, be the meridian blaze, the very region and home, the lurking place, the revel room, yea, the very dancing hall of all the celestial spirits aforesaid.

POETRY.

FROM THE ALBUM AT PASSAICK FALLS.

OH solitude ! I love to dwell
Where thou hast spread thy soothing spell ;
Where, far away the village bell,
Breathes on my ear its soften'd swell.

There, in thy enchantment bound,
Let me cultivate the ground ;
Nor cares, nor no discordant sound,
Be in my cottage ever found.

Near some shady mountain's side,
Where the swallows smoothly glide,
O'er the placid river's tide ;
Far from the world I love to hide.

There, lost in calm reflection deep,
Let me from intrusion keep ;
And beneath the rocky steep,
Softly sigh, or sweetly sleep.

When Aurora streaks the sky,
And the busy insects fly,
With alacrity will I,
To my rustick pleasure hie.

The frugal, lab'ring ant and bee,
Shall teach me ease and industry ;
Each bird, and beast, and fish I see,
Gives some reproof or hint to me.

Fain would I shun the haunts of men,
Nor wish with them to mix again ;
But, in the lonely quiet glen,
Alternate use my book and pen.

Let canting *Jefferson* still stand,
Head of the Jacobinick band ;
While dull *De Witt* deludes the land,
By lying *Cheetham's* factious hand.

What matters it to me, who rules,
Or what disputes disturb the schools,
Or who direct us, knaves or fools,
Who are the tyrants, who the tools ?

Wisdom and virtue must disdain,
To mix with men, when those who reign,
Befriend the miscreant *Duane*,
Base *Callender* and baser *Paine*.

I'll do the little good I can,
Regret so narrow is my span;
But steadily pursue my plan,
To be, and love and honest man.

Where sweet Passaick loves to stray,
Fain would I close my checker'd day,
In useful study, harmless play,
Till life has shed its last dim ray.

Nor can more lovely spots of ground,
Than on Passaick's banks be found:
Where nature's charms spread amply round,
Are heighten'd by the cat'ract's sound.

Here then, beside thy margin green,
Delighted with the sylvan scene;
My breast may be like that serene,
Nor one rude trouble intervene.

And when I see gay trav'llers roam,
Or hear that war's wild surges foam;
In peace I'll seek my quiet home,
And count the wits of Greece and Rome.

Far from the crowd with vice imbued,
The noisy rabble base and rude,
The vain coquette and capering prude,
I seek thy path, sweet solitude!

A CHARACTER.

IF among the scientifick politicians of this country, or any other description of the learned, 'there should be found a man, who, with the grace of exteriour accomplishment, or the fulsome semblance of it; with the gifts of fortune, and the rank of a gentleman; with a strong devotion to literature without remission and almost without example; with acuteness of mind and extensive classical erudition; who, I say, should so far forget himself, as to practise arts which would disgrace the meanest retainer to learning—If such a man should be found, with fair pro-

fessions and obliging attentions, simular of friendship but at the bottom false, hollow, designing, and malicious; who should inflict a wound with more than Parthian dexterity, and yet be studious of frequenting the company of men of character to countenance his own; and finally, who should collect and scatter around him the *virus lunare*, the vaporous drops that hang in any region of infection, that the objects of their influence might feel the blast of the inchanter, and know not whence it comes. If, I say, such a man should be found, I shall not name him, and it is not for him to lay bare is own conscience by a foolish, appropriating indiscretion. I have only sketched out at present such a character *in prose*; and all I shall say further is, may he, if such a man exist, strive to wipe out such actions by more than literary contrition, and deeply feel and know that he has lived, throughout the course of a life not inconsiderable in its duration, under a fatal errour and wretched abuse of time, learning, talents and accomplishments. This character is left *on record*, like any of La Bruyere's, *without even the shadow of a name*. It shall ever remain *unappropriated by me*.

If any person should ask why such an *imaginary* character was drawn, I reply in the words of Pope:

'Ask you the provocation that I had?
'The strong antipathy of good TO BAD."

BRITISH ORDERS IN COUNCIL.

THE promulgation of the new orders in Council of the 26th of April, has confounded democratick declamation and overthrown the arrogance of the party with irresistible astonishment. The lion which has been so long crouching to the eagle, in the columns of democratick newspapers, begins again to bristle his mane, and we shall probably cease to hear the eternal jargon of the coercion of the embargo, and Great Britain at the feet of America. The truth is, that the democrats are beginning to exclaim against such a modification of the old Orders, and such a relaxation of the restrictions on neutral trade, as they would have greeted with delight, three months ago; before the settlement of our differences was made at Washington. Mr. Pinckney has probably made up an accommodation with Mr. Canning upon the precise terms of his instructions from the Jefferson cabinet, as recognized in the non-intercourse law. We have all a-

long maintained,* that Great Britain had offered terms through Mr. Erskine, in Washington, which were entirely unexpected by our government, and infinitely more favourable than we had pretended to claim, through our minister at St. James's. All the merit, therefore, which the accommodation in Washington implies, was to be ascribed to the candour of the British government, since we had given authority to Mr. Pinckney to come to a settlement on conditions much less advantageous. The difference of the two cases is very apparent, and forms a decisive conclusion as to the presumed inefficacy of the embargo system, in the opinion of the administration.

Although we have vested Mr. Pinckney with powers to settle or compromise our dispute upon the terms which the new orders indicate, it will not follow by any means, that the British government do not intend to abide by the settlement as made by Mr. Erskine, provided he has not exceeded his authority. By the present order we are authorized to proceed to any ports of the world not immediately governed by French authority ; and the French decrees debar us from entering such places in case the British were ever so well inclined. Yet as it is evidently the interest of Great-Britain to secure her West Indian monopoly ; and prevent every pound of the colonial produce of her enemy from reaching the mother country, we do not think it improbable that a rigorous blockade of the principal European and colonial ports will be instituted, as soon as Bonaparte shall have repealed his decrees.

But whilst they continue to afford a precedent for a parchment system of blockade, Great Britain may perhaps undertake to defend her adoption of similar hostilities, not on the ground of right or justice, but of reciprocality. We are far from viewing such an intention however with either lenity or forbearance ; we only mean to assert that if Great Britain should do it, it would be an abundant proof that the embargo policy had failed of its coercive effects. Great Britain in such a case could not be justified ; yet it is not improbable that some master stroke of policy was designed, when Mr. Erskine came forward to offer such terms of accommodation, as were far beyond the expectations of the people of both countries. What necessity was there on the

* Ordeal, page 300.

part of Mr. Canning for conceding any points to us, which we did not require? Points, the decision of which we were willing to wave? The reason is not to be sought in the national benevolence of the government of Great Britain; but in the diplomatick cunning of the prime minister.

GREAT BRITAIN.

IF it should happen after all our settlement of difficulties that the English minister had in some minute particular exceeded his instructions in his correspondence with Mr. Smith, the democrats perhaps would not consider Mr. Canning justified in refusing to confirm the accommodation, after the example of Mr. Jefferson in regard to the rejected treaty. Yet if the government of the United States refuse to comply with the terms which their minister concurred in forming, surely Great Britain will have a right to avail herself of a similar excuse, if imperious necessity should require it. So it is that the example of Mr. Jefferson is destructive to the country in whatever aspect it may be contemplated. The presumption is, however, that Great Britain will confirm the arrangement made at Washington, in so far as that she will repeal the orders in Council in our favour; but if France continue her decrees without declaring war upon us, we still believe the present ministry will institute a regular blockade of all the enemies colonies and the principal European ports. The opposition in England has now become very formidable; if events on the continent should prove unfavourable, the probability is that the ministers will be obliged to resign; at any rate they will not dare to violate their publick faith, pledged to America, although the uncommonly advantageous terms upon which the accommodation was made would lead to a conclusion, that she had a deeper design in the settlement than we are yet able to discover.

THE AUSTRIANS IN ARMS.

THERE are some favourable lights in which the present struggle of Austria against the French can be viewed, which will serve to relieve the sober appearance of the prospect. It is a war of necessity on the part of Austria, and she enters into it

probably, with the full persuasion that she must exert all her strength, before she can recover her lost dominions, or regain her lost prowess. She is not trammelled by any of those formidable combinations, (alas, only formidable to their own existence!) commonly denominated coalitions. She goes singly into the war, and her singleness will probably be her safety. The cabinet hitherto distracted with divisions, is now united in the Arch Duke Charles, who is universally considered, in Europe, to be second to no other general in the world, but Moreau. Austria has again taken the field, under a new system of tacticks, which inspires her soldiers with courage, and under a general whose complete control over his soldiers' affections, would inspire that courage, if other inducements should fail. We repeat it, that there is more to be hoped from Austria single handed, than from a coalition. Spain, if the Arch Duke should gain some partial success, and on that account oblige Bonaparte to turn his whole attention upon him, would have another opportunity to breathe and recover her strength. She might be able to form a new army, and give employment to the French troops for many succeeding years; but to reduce the present French military despotism by hard fighting, would require more force than all Europe could bring into the field, and more years than any man now alive will probably experience. Suppose Spain, Portugal and Austria were to gain many successes this campaign, it would not shock the foundation of the French power. Napoleon's greatest generals and statesmen, have now a permanent personal interest in maintaining his authority. Besides, he has established his empire, the period of the revolution has passed, and nothing but another more formidable than the first, would be likely to subvert the present government; and the French have now such a sense of revolutions, that they shudder at the very recollection of the last.

Austria may, and we sincerely hope she will, gain some such success, as will produce a recovery of her late dominions. But the hope of shaking France to the centre, at this late period, must be considered utterly futile and ridiculous. Napoleon, like Shakespeare, is seated upon a throne of adamant, and the stream of time, which washes away as it passes the fabricks of minor powers, leaves uninjured the basis on which his might is established.

RECENT PUBLICATION.

AN EPISTLE

To a Member of the General Court of Massachusetts, 1809.

This is a poetical address to some statesman belonging to the Massachusetts legislature; but we have been puzzled to discover who he is, or what is the intention of the poet, in the epistle. The author thus speaks of an orator in the house; we do not pretend to understand to whom he alludes; we quote the lines to perplex our readers as well as ourselves. They will afford a fair specimen of the poetry.

"And lo! where . . . . . in debate,
Rises, mature, to save the state;
From long experience wary grown,
Though parties change, preserves his own;
Full well his merit all can note,
There's one criterion to his vote;
As turns the publick wind the vanes,
The publick voice his vote distrains;
And let the publick ship careen,
He scuds the surf and strand between.
Nor yet for this alone revere,
In manners soft, in faith severe;
And more, has this peculiar grace,
With fluent speech, a winning face;
Has old Ulysses' downcast look,
A shepherd man, deprived of crook,
Yet in this sly disguise sustains
A vast *corposity* of brains.
He speaks, and lo! the astonish'd house
Might hear the love-song of a mouse;
Might hear the itch of Snowdon's pimples,
The eddying winds in Carbon's dimples;
How all the logick links are crack'd!
How all the cubick figures rack'd!
What metaphorick splinters fly!
What windmills dance before the eye!
Yield, Burke, in sober sadness yield,
A mightier reaper strips the field."

There are some judicious notes upon the subversion of the republican principle in the conduct of elections by means of secret committees and legislative caucuses. The piece, on the whole, is not calculated to have any material effect upon the publick, from the profound obscurity in which its intention is buried.